

THE FARMVILLE HERALD.

HONOR FOR THE PAST, HELP FOR THE PRESENT, HOPE FOR THE FUTURE.

VOL. IX.

FARMVILLE, VA., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1899.

NO. 34.

CITY DIRECTORY.

MAYOR—W. T. BLANTON.
TOWN COUNCIL—By Committees.
Finance—W. E. DAVISON, W. P. GILMAN and Chas. Bugg.
Ordinance—H. E. Wall, J. B. Farrar and E. L. Krambert.
Sanitary—A. E. Cralle, D. T. Egan and W. E. Davidson.
Cemetery—W. P. GILMAN, A. E. Cralle and D. T. Egan.
Light—D. T. Egan, Chas. Bugg and J. B. Farrar.
Street—Chas. Bugg, D. T. Egan and W. E. Davidson.
Sailors—W. P. GILMAN, E. L. Krambert and A. E. Cralle.
Bonds—H. E. Wall, E. L. Krambert and W. P. GILMAN.
Overs House—W. E. Davidson, E. L. Krambert and A. E. Cralle.
Fire Department—J. A. Scott.
Anderson and H. E. Wall.
Poor—A. E. Cralle, Chas. Bugg and W. E. Davidson.
Water—E. L. Krambert, H. E. Wall and Chas. Bugg.
Safety—J. B. Farrar, H. E. Wall and W. P. GILMAN.
Town Clerk—E. J. Whitehead.
City Treasurer—John A. Scott.
Assessor of Revenue—E. T. Egan.
City Sergeant—R. D. Miller.
Chief of Police—J. W. Beal.
Supt. Electric Plant—A. T. Wicker.

PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

(OFFICE AT FARMVILLE.)
Hon. Geo. J. Humbley, Judge Circuit Court.
Hon. J. M. Crute, Judge County Court.
Hon. A. D. Watkins, Commonwealth's Atty.
W. H. Thackston, Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
E. J. Whitehead, Deputy Clerk Circuit and County Courts.
Superior—R. M. Burton, J. M. Venable, W. H. Hubbard, A. A. Haskins, G. W. Scott.
W. E. Clark, Commissioner of Revenue.
W. H. Ewing, Treasurer.
T. H. Dickinson, Sheriff.
E. J. Harvey, Jr., Deputy Sheriff.
Thomas J. Garden, Superintendent Schools.

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INCORPORATED JULY, 1895.

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A NOBLE WOMANHOOD.

Dr. Talmage Draws Lessons from an Unnamed Bible Character.

Her Good Qualities Set Forth—The Hand on the Shuttle—The Greatness of Christian Characteristics.

[Washington, Jan. 15. Copyright, 1899.]
A Scripture character whose name is not given becomes the subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon, in which he sets forth the qualities of good and noble womanhood; text, 11 Kings 4:8, "Elisha passed to Shunem, where was a great woman."

The hotel of our time had no counterpart in any entertainment of olden time. The vast majority of travelers must then be entertained at private abode. Here comes Elisha, a servant of the Lord, on a Divine mission, and he must find shelter. A balcony overlooking the valley of Esdraelon is offered him in a private house, and it is especially furnished for his occupancy—a chair to sit on, a table from which to eat, a candlestick by which to read and a bed on which to slumber, the whole establishment belonging to a great and good woman. Her husband, it seems, was a godly man, but he was entirely overshadowed by his wife's excellences. Just as now you sometimes find in a household the wife the center of dignity and influence and power, not by any arrogance or presumption, but by superior intellect and force of moral nature wielding domestic affairs and at the same time supervising all financial business affairs. The wife's hand on the shuttle, or the banking house, or the worldly business.

You see hundreds of men who are successful only because there is a reason at home why they are successful. If a man marry a good, honest soul, he makes his fortune. If he marry a fool, the Lord help him! The wife may be the silent partner in the firm, there may be only masculine virtues down in exchange, but there oftentimes comes from the home circle a potential and elevating influence. This woman of my text was the superior of her husband. He as far as I can understand, was what we often see in our day, a man of large fortune and only a medium of brain, intensely quiet, sitting a long while in the same place, without moving hand or foot; if you say "Yes," responding "Yes." If you say "No," responding "No"—name eyes half shut, mouth wide open, maintaining his position in society only because he has a large patrimony. But his wife, my text says, was a great woman. Her name has not come down to us. She belonged to that collection of people who need no name to distinguish them. What would title of duchess or princess or queen—what would ecclesiastical or gleaming diadem be to this woman of my text, who by her intelligence and her behavior, challenges the admiration of all ages? Long after the brilliant women of the court of Louis XV. have been forgotten, and the brilliant women of the court of Russia have been forgotten, some grandfather will put on his spectacles and, holding the book the other side the light, read to his grandchildren the story of this great woman of Shunem who was so kind and courteous and Christian to the good prophet Elisha. Yes, she was a great woman.

In the first place, she was great in her hospitalities. Uncivilized and barbarous nations have this virtue. Jupiter had the surname of the Hospitable, and he was said especially to avenge the wrongs of strangers. Homer extolled it in his verse. The Arabs are punctilious on this subject, and among some of their tribes it is not until the ninth day of tarrying that the occupant has a right to ask his guest: "Who and whence art thou?" If this virtue is so honored among barbarians, how ought it to be honored among those of us who believe in the Bible, which commands us to use hospitality one toward another without grudging?

Of course, I do not mean under this cover to give any idea that I approve of that vagrant class who go around from place to place, ranging their whole lifetime perhaps under the auspices of some benevolent or philanthropic society, quartering themselves on Christian families with a great pile of trunks in the hall and carpetbag portentious of tarrying. There is many a country parsonage that looks out week by week upon the ominous arrival of wagon with creaking wheel and lank horse and dilapidated driver, come under the auspices of some charitable institution to spend a few weeks and canvass the neighborhood. Let no such religious tramps take advantage of this beautiful virtue of Christian hospitality. Not so much the sumptuousness of your diet and the regality of your abode will impress the friend or the stranger that steps across your threshold as the warmth of your greeting, the informality of your reception, the reiteration by grasp and by look and by a thousand attentions, insignificant attentions, of your earnestness of welcome. There will be high appreciation of your welcome though you have nothing but the brazen candlestick and the plain chair to offer Elisha when he comes to Shunem. Most beautiful is this grace of hospitality when shown in the house of God. I am thankful that I have always been pastor of churches where strangers are welcome. But I have entered churches where there was no hospitality. A stranger would stand in the vestibule for awhile and then make a pilgrimage up the long aisle. No door opened to him until, flushed and excited and embarrassed, he started back again, and coming to some half filled pew with apologetic air entered it, while the occupant glared on him with a look which seemed to say: "Well, if I must, I must." Away with such accursed indecency from the

of the great river of sorrow, made up of tears and blood, rolling through all lands and all ages, bearing the wreck of families and of communities and of empires, foaming, writhing, boiling with the agonies of 6,000 years? Etna, Cotopaxi and Vesuvius have been described, but who ever has sketched the volcano of suffering retching up from depths the lava and scoria and pouring them down the sides to overwhelm nations. Oh, if I could gather all the heart-strings, the broken heart-strings, into a harp, I would play on it a dirge such as was never sounded! Mythologists tell us of gorgon and centaur and Titan and geologists tell us of extinct species of monsters, but greater than gorgon or megatherium and not belonging to the realm of fable and not of an extinct species, a monster with an iron jaw and a hundred iron hoofs has walked across the nations, and history and poetry and sculpture, in their attempt to sketch it and describe it, have seemed to sweat great drops of blood. But, thank God, there are those who can conquer as this woman of the text conquered and say: "It is well, though my property be gone, though my children be gone, though my home be broken up, though my health be sacrificed, if it is well, it is well!" There is no storm on the sea but Christ is ready to rise in the hinder part of the ship and hush it. There is no darkness but the constellation of God's eternal love can illumine it, and though the winter comes out of the northern sky, you have sometimes seen that northern sky all ablaze with auroras which seem to say: "Come up this way; up this way are thrones of light and seas of sapphire and the splendor of an eternal heaven. Come up this way."

Again, this woman of my text was great in her application to domestic duties. Every picture is a home picture, whether she is entertaining an Elisha or whether she is giving careful attention to her sick boy or whether she is appealing for the restoration of her property. Every picture in her case is one of domesticity. These are not disciples of the Shunemite woman who, going out to attend to outside charities, neglect the duty of home—the duty of wife, of mother, of daughter. No faithfulness in public beneficence can ever atone for domestic negligence. There has been many a mother who by indefatigable toil has reared a large family of children, equipping them for the duties of life with good manners and large intelligence and Christian principle, starting them out, who has done more for the world than many a woman whose name has sounded through the centuries. I remember when Kossuth was in this country there were some ladies who got honorable reputations by presenting him very gracefully with bouquets of flowers on public occasions. But what was all that compared with the plain Hungarian mother who gave to truth and civilization and the cause of universal liberty a Kossuth? Yes, this woman of my text was great in her simplicity. When this prophet wanted to reward her for her hospitality by asking some preferment from the king, what did she say? She declined it. She said: "I dwell among my own people," as much as to say: "I am satisfied with my lot. All I want is my family and my friends around me. I dwell among my own people."

Oh, what a rebuke to the strife for precedence in all ages! How many there are who want to get great architecture and homes furnished with all art, all painting, all statuary, who have not enough taste to distinguish between Gothic and Byzantine, and who could not tell a figure in plaster of Paris from Palmer's "White Captive," and would not know a boy's pencilling from Bierstadt's " Yosemite." Men who buy large libraries by the square foot, buying those libraries when they have scarcely enough education to pick out the day of the month in the almanac. Oh, how many there are striving to have things as well as their neighbors or better than their neighbors, and in the struggle vast fortunes are exhausted and business firms thrown into bankruptcy and men of reputed honesty rush into astounding forgeries! Of course I say nothing against refinement or culture. Splendor of abode, sumptuousness of diet, lavishness in art, neatness in apparel, there is nothing against them in the Bible or out of the Bible. God does not want us to prefer mud hovels to English cottages, or untanned sheepskin to French broadcloth, or hanks to pincushion, or the clumsiness of a boor to the manners of a gentleman. God, who strung the beach with tinted shells, and the grass of the field with the dews of the night, and bathed exquisitely tinted morning cloud and robin reddish, wants us to keep our eye open to all beautiful sights, and our ear open to all beautiful cadences, and our heart open to all elevating sentiments.

Sold like cattle on the shambles. Slave of all work, and, at last, her body fuel for the funeral pyre of her husband. Above the shriek of the fire worshippers in India, and above the rumbling of the juggernauts, I hear the million voiced groan of wronged, insulted, broken-hearted, down-trodden woman. Her tears have fallen in the Nile and Tigris, the La Plata, and on the steppes of Tartary. She has been dishonored in Turkish garden and Persian palace and Spanish Alhambra. Her little ones have been sacrificed in the Indus and the Ganges. There is not a groan, or a dungeon, or an island, or a mountain, or a river, or a lake, or a sea, but could tell a story of the outrages heaped upon her. But, thanks to God, this glorious Christianity comes forth, and all the chains of this vassalage are snapped, and she rises from ignominy to exalted sphere and becomes the affectionate daughter, the gentle wife, the honored mother, the useful Christian. Oh, if Christianity has done so much for woman, surely woman will become its most ardent advocate and its sublimest exemplification.

Again, this woman of the text was great in her behavior under trouble. Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says: "He sat on her knee until noon and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed: "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble. Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hatched up its fiery and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelt of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe. Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or the length

house of God! Let every church that would maintain large Christian influence in community culture Sabbath by Sabbath this beautiful grace of Christian hospitality.

A good man traveling in the far west in the wilderness was overtaken by night and storm, and he put in at a cabin. He saw firearms along the beams of the cabin, and he felt alarmed. He did not know but that he had fallen into a den of thieves. He sat there greatly perturbed. After awhile the man of the house came home with a gun on his shoulder and set it down in a corner. The stranger was still more alarmed. After awhile the man of the house whispered with his wife, and the stranger thought his destruction was being planned. Then the man of the house came forward and said to the stranger: "Stranger, we are a rough and rude people out here, and we work hard for a living. We make our living by hunting, and when we come to the nightfall we are tired and we are apt to go to bed early, and before retiring we are always in the habit of reading a chapter from the Word of God and making a prayer. If you don't like such things, if you will just step outside the door until we get through, I'll be greatly obliged to you." Of course the stranger tarried in the room, and the old hunter took hold of the horns of the altar and brought down the blessing of God upon his household and upon the stranger within their gates. Rude but glorious Christian hospitality!

Again, this woman of my text was great in her kindness toward God's messenger. Elisha may have been a stranger in that household, but as she found out he had come on a Divine mission he was cordially welcomed. We have a great many books in our day about the hardships of ministers and the trials of Christian ministers. I wish somebody would write a book about the joys of the Christian minister, about the sympathies all around him, about the kindness, about the genial considerations of him. Does sorrow come to our home, and is there a shadow on the cradle, there are hundreds of hands to help, and many who weary not through the night watching, and hundreds of prayers going up that God would restore the sick. Is there a burning, brimming cup of calamity placed on the pastor's table? Are there not many to help him drink of that cup, and who will not be comforted because he is stricken? Oh, for somebody to write a book about the rewards of the Christian ministry—about his surroundings of Christian sympathy!

This woman of the text was only a type of thousands of men and women who come down from mansion and from cot to do kindness to the Lord's servant. I could tell you of something that you might think a romance. A young man graduated from New Brunswick theological seminary was called to a village church. He had not the means to furnish the parsonage. After three or four weeks of preaching a committee of the officers of the church waited on him and told him he looked tired and thought he had better take a vacation of a few days. The young pastor took it as an intimation that his work was done or not acceptable. He took the vacation, and at the end of a few days came back, when an old elder said: "There is the key of the parsonage. We have been cleaning it up. You had better go up and look at it." So the young pastor took the key, went up to the parsonage, opened the door, and lo! it was carpeted, and there was a hatrack all ready for the canes and umbrellas and the overcoats, and on the left hand of the hall was the parlor, sofa, chaired, pictured. He passed on to the other side of the hall, and there was the study table in the center of the floor with stationery upon it, bookshelves built, long ranges of new volumes, far beyond the reach of the means of the young pastor many of these volumes. The young pastor went upstairs and found all the sleeping apartments furnished, came downstairs and entered the pantry, and there were the spices and the coffees and the sugars, and the groceries for six months. He went down into the cellar, and there was the coal for the coming winter. He went into the dining hall, and there was the table already set—the glass and the silver ware. He went into the kitchen, and there were all the culinary implements and a great stove. The young pastor lifted one lid of the stove and he found the fuel all ready for ignition. Putting back the cover of the stove, he saw in another part of it a lucifer match, and all that young man had to do in starting to keep house was to strike the match. You tell me that is apocryphal. Oh, no! that was my own experience. Oh, the kindness, the enlarged sympathies sometimes clustering around those who enter the Gospel ministry. I suppose the man of Shunem had to pay the bills, but it was the large-hearted Christian woman of Shunem that looked after the Lord's messenger.

Again, this woman of the text was great in her behavior under trouble. Her only son had died on her lap. A very bright light went out in that household. The sacred writer puts it very tersely when he says: "He sat on her knee until noon and then he died." Yet the writer goes on to say that she exclaimed: "It is well!" Great in prosperity, this woman was great in trouble. Where are the feet that have not been blistered on the hot sands of this great Sahara? Where are the soldiers that have not bent under the burden of grief? Where is the ship sailing over glassy sea that has not after awhile been caught in a cyclone? Where is the garden of earthly comfort but trouble hath hatched up its fiery and panting team and gone through it with burning plowshare of disaster? Under the pelt of ages of suffering the great heart of the world has burst with woe. Navigators tell us about the rivers, and the Amazon and the Danube and the Mississippi have been explored, but who can tell the depth or the length



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